

Col. W. H. Peck,  
Oil Editor

# TULSA DAILY WORLD

Oklahoma's Greatest Newspaper

Sofia M. Suppes  
Associate Oil Editor

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Col. W. H. Peck

TRIBUTE TO

### Col. W. H. Peck

(By EUGENE LORTON)

It is a pleasure for me to pay tribute to Col. W. H. Peck, oil editor of the Tulsa World, for this 1923 Prosperity edition.

All my life it has been my greatest pleasure to give utterance to pleasant things about people rather than unpleasant things, although in the publication of a fearless, courageous newspaper it is sometimes necessary to pursue the opposite course.

And also it is one of the ironies of life that few of us ever have anything good said of us until we have gone to that hour to which our modern newspapers have not yet extended their circulation. And then I suspect it makes little difference to the departed what is said, because when God puts his hands on a man his fellow creatures usually take theirs off.

Colonel Peck is more than an oil editor, he is an institution. He has devoted his life to the interest of the oil fraternity. He has taken his work in life as seriously that he has grown old before his time. He has fought a lot of battles that perhaps might better never have been fought. He has worried over the ups and downs of the oil business through tireless days and sleepless nights when he did not have a single dollar of his own money directly or indirectly involved. He has always been for the struggling under dog. He has not always been able to restrain an inclination to clinch with those whom he thought were giving the "Independent producer" the worst end of it. His judgment has not been infallible, but if ever there was a poor weak mortal who deserved well at the hands of those whom he sought to serve in his chosen walk in life, Col. W. H. Peck is that person.

His great trouble has been his disposition to give expression to his loves as well as his hates with too lavish a hand. But through it all his heart beat has been high and his handclasp firm and as the shadows lengthen into the east and the sun sinks low in the western skies, those whom he has tried to serve and who ought to know him best, must realize that after all he is a pretty good old scout and with the magnanimity of good scouts themselves "write his faults in the sands of time and cherish his virtues in the tablets of their memories."

Colonel Peck has seen members of the oil fraternity grow into millionaires by the thousands while he daily ground out the dope for the oil page, by a none too bright a light and oftentimes when his fire smoldered on the hearth and while it is not a tribute to his business judgment, it is a tribute to his honesty and integrity, that he finds himself in the evening of his dreams with little more of this world's goods than he started out with. It is probably just as well and he is happier, because somebody would have come along and he would have given it to them or they would have taken it away from him.

After all the most that the most of us get out of life as we journey from the cradle to the grave is just the fights and the fun we have had fighting. Colonel Peck ought to be a damned happy man and there would no doubt be a lot of other folks happy if they would cut loose and show the appreciation which is in their hearts for the old scout.